

AUG.-SEPT 10¢

ANIMAL COMICS

DELL COMIC
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UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

ROVER • JIGGER

ZOO ANIMAL PHOTOS



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RED FOX CUBS

Fox cubs are born around the beginning of April. They number from four to nine in a litter. The color of the fur is a rusty-red; hence the name Red Fox. Once in a while, color variations occur in a litter. Silver and Black Fox are very rare; the common variation is the Cross Fox.

Foxes have a keen sense of smell and depend on it more than on their eyesight. Except for raiding his hen houses, foxes really help the farmer by killing off large numbers of destructive rodents, such as mice and rats.

GRAY WOLF CUBS


Wolf mothers take great care of their pups and protect them well. Litters run usually to about seven but can number anywhere from three to thirteen. Wolves used to roam all over the North American continent but now because of their destructiveness, their number is greatly depleted.

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ROVER


by Dan Noonan

THE HURRICANE




THE NEXT ISLAND IS A LONG WAY OFF, MIKE, WE'VE GOT A LONG SAIL AHEAD OF US.


QUITS US, RED, AND ROVER TOO, I BET, HE NEEDS A REST.



FEELS LIKE THE WIND IS DYING. DOESN'T IT?



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE SKY LOOKS, MIKE - THINK I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THAT "COAST PILOT" TO BE SURE ..



HMMM - NOT SO GOOD! ACCORDING TO THIS WE'RE HAVING TYPICAL HURRICANE WEATHER ..

CLOUDS INDICATE STORM AND THE BAROMETER IS FALLING RAPIDLY -- LOOKS BAD -- ROVER, TIE YOUR EARS DOWN, SHE'S GOIN' TO BLOW.



WE'LL HAUL DOWN THE MAIN-SAIL AND TAKE THE DINGHY ABOARD WHILE WE CAN -- THIS IS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.



LET'S HURRY, MIKE, NOT MUCH TIME LEFT.. ROVER, GO BELOW!




NO TIME FOR DOGS TOPSIDE -- WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!



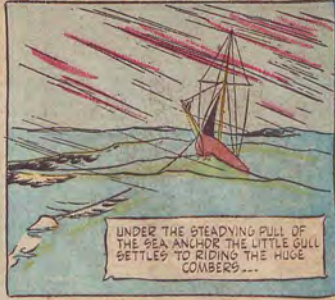
THAT SHE BLOWS!




MIKE, YOU BETTER GET THAT SEA ANCHOR OUT OF THE CABIN -- I CAN'T KEEP HOLDING HER LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER.




LET HER GO,
MIKE! THAT
DOUGHT TO KEEP
US UP INTO THE
WIND.




UNDER THE STEADYING PULL OF
THE SEA ANCHOR THE LITTLE GULL
SETTLES TO RIDING THE HUGE
COMBERS...




OUR POOR DOGS MUST
BE HAVING A ROUGH TIME
DOWN IN THE CABIN.



I BET FEARLESS IS
GOING TO BE SEA
SICK AGAIN.



IT'S GETTING DARK. GOSH, WILL
THIS STORM NEVER END.....



LOOKS LIKE THE WORST IS OVER...
BY MORNING WE OUGHT TO BE
ALL RIGHT.

BUT THE WORSE WAS YET TO COME.
SUDDENLY A HUGE MOUNTAINOUS WAVE
RISES BEFORE THE HELPLESS GULL ..



-- AND CRASHES OVER THE DECK
FROM BOW TO STERN --



ROVER, WHO HAD JUST SNEAKED UP
ON DECK, IS CARRIED AWAY -----



-- WITHOUT ANYONE CATCHING A
GLIMPSE OF HIM IN THE EXCITEMENT.



TWO HOURS LATER--

MIKE, COME ON UP-- IT'S
GETTING LIGHT-- BRING
ALONG THE DOGS!



YOU MEAN HE ISN'T BELOW? HE WASN'T
WITH ME FOR HOURS-- WHY-- WHY--
ROVER IS GONE! GONE, I TELL
YOU! OVERBOARD!

NO, RED!
NO!



NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO ROVER. FOR HOURS HE HAS BEEN SWIMMING, HIS LEGS GETTING MORE TIRED UNTIL-----



WHEN THEY JUST COULDN'T MOVE MUCH LONGER, HE SPIED A PIECE OF WRECKAGE.



WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE MADE IT AND CLIMBED ABOARD. POOR ROVER, NOW WHAT?



RETCHING WITH THE BRINE HE HAD SWALLOWED, TREMBLING WITH EXHAUSTION, ROVER IS A BUNDLE OF MISERY.



THE HOT SUN DRIES HIM BUT BRINGS ADDED DISCOMFORT-- THIRST ---



OMINOUS FINS CIRCLE THE FLIMSY RAFT-- SHARKS, SURE OF THEIR PREY, IMPATIENTLY WAIT FOR ROVER TO FALL OR BE WASHED OFF THE RAFT---



BUT ONCE AGAIN FATE SMILES KINDLY ON ROVER...THE CURRENTS CARRY HIM INTO SHALLOW WATER TOWARDS A SMALL FLYSPECK OF AN ISLAND...



JOYFULLY, ROVER LEAPS ASHORE. LAND! FIRM GROUND! NO MORE SALT WATER IN YOUR MOUTH AND SWAYING BOARDS UNDER YOUR PAWS!



DELICIOUS FRESH WATER IN A PUDDLE. ROVER LAPS IT UP NOISILY. ONE MORE DRINK AND THEN ON TO LOOK FOR RED AND MIKE.



UP TO THE HIGHEST POINT TO GET A GOOD LOOK AROUND. ROVER'S TUMMY MAKES EMPTY NOISES..



THERE'S A SHIP! **WOOF!**--- IT IS--NO, IT ISN'T THE GULL BUT IT MEANS PEOPLE AND PEOPLE HAVE FOOD--**WOOF!**--- AT LEAST HE HOPES SO.



SNIFF!--- YUP--HE WAS RIGHT--THAT DELICIOUS SMELL IS FOOD--**WOOF!**--- A SMALL BARK MIGHT BE IN PLACE TO LET THEM KNOW HE IS COMING!



HEY...LOOK!-- A DOG!
HE MUST HAVE DROPPED
OUT OF THE SKY!



WOOF! WOOF-- ROVER
LEAPS DOWN TO MEET THE
STRANGE PEOPLE WHO SOUND
AND SMELL FRIENDLY.



HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU EVER GET HERE,
DOGGIE? THERE ISN'T A HOUSE OR BOAT
FOR MILES.



WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! SOME
OTHER FISHING PARTY MUST
HAVE LEFT THE POOR CRITTER
BEHIND WITHOUT NOTICIN'.



WELL, SKIPPER HE EATS AS IF HE
HADN'T HAD FOOD FOR WEEKS:



GOOD LITTLE DOG. I WISH I KNEW YOUR
NAME, IT WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE
BETTER -- DO YOU LIKE ME
TOO? I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU TILL WE FIND YOUR
MASTER.



THAT'S A TALL ORDER, MRS. HOLLIS. HE'LL BE FINDING HIS MASTER, BUT I SURE WILL ASK ALL THE FISHING GUIDES IN OUR PORT.



HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WITH US. HE'S A NICE LITTLE FELLOW.

PICK ME UP IN AN HOUR. I'LL TAKE A LAST LOOK AROUND THE ISLAND MAYBE HIS PEOPLE LEFT SOMETHING THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.



WE BETTER GET GOING IF WE WANT TO GET BACK TO JAMAICA.



CHEER UP, FELLER; IT ISN'T THAT BAD.



YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY A MYSTERY ABOUT THIS DOG SORT OF LIKE A ROBINSON CRUSOE STORY WITH A MYSTERY ANGLE!



YEAH, AND TODAY IS FRIDAY - OLD MAN FRIDAY - OLD MAN FRIDAY. SAY THAT'S GOOD ...



WE AREN'T MAKING FUN OF YOU BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A NAME. D'YOU MIND IF WE CALL YOU FRIDAY FOR AWHILE.



LOOK, HE'S STARING BACK AT THE ISLAND!

BETTER WATCH HIM, HE MIGHT JUMP OVERBOARD.



MAYBE HE SEES SOMETHING-- NOPE --NOTHING THERE --OH WELL--



DOGS ARE FUNNY, THOUGH, THEY HAVE SENSES WHICH WE HAVEN'T GOT ----



WHAT IS IN ROVER'S MIND? -- DOES HE FEEL OR SENSE SOMETHING? FOR INSTANCE THAT THE GULL WITH RED AND MIKE IS APPROACHING THE LEEWARD SHORE OF THE ISLAND HE JUST LEFT?



ANOTHER LITTLE ISLAND, MIKE. IT'S HOPING TOO MUCH, BUT ROVER MIGHT HAVE MADE THIS ONE.



IT'S GOING TO BE A
TOUGH JOB JUMPING
FROM ISLAND
TO ISLAND ALL
OVER THE CARRIBEAN.
BUT IF THERE'S A
CHANCE IN A MILLION
ROVER SURVIVED,
WE'LL DO IT.



MIKE! MIKE!



**DOG TRACKS! THEY ARE ROVER'S!
WE HAVE FOUND HIM!**

BUT HOW CAN
YOU BE SURE, RED?



SEE THAT MARK OF A SCAR? THAT'S
WHERE ROVER ONCE GOT HURT!
**IT'S ROVER, I TELL YOU!
IT'S ROVER!**



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, WE'VE BEEN
OVER THE WHOLE ISLAND AND YELLED
OUR LUNGS OUT... **WHERE
IS HE?**

RED, I FOUND
A SPOT WHERE
PEOPLE HAD A
PICNIC A LITTLE WHILE
AGO, DO YOU THINK?



YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY ARE ROVER'S TRACKS...
WHOEVER WAS HERE DIDN'T LEAVE MORE THAN
AN HOUR AGO, THE TIDE IS STILL COMING IN...



AND THERE ARE MARKS OF THE KEEL OF A ROW BOAT. ROVER HAS BEEN TAKEN ALONG BY WHOEVER IT WAS WHO CAME HERE.

GOSH, THEY STOLE ROVER, RED. THAT'S A MEAN THING TO DO.



MIKE, WHAT COUNTS IS ROVER IS ALIVE. HE DIDN'T DROWN. CHEER UP, BOY!

I KNOW, RED. BUT SOMEBODY TOOK HIM AWAY.



WHAT COULD THEY DO, MIKE? LEAVE ROVER TO STARVE? HOW'D THEY KNOW WHO HE BELONGED TO? ROVER COULDN'T TELL THEM, COULD HE?



BUT, RED, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO? WHAT'S ROVER GOIN' TO DO? HE--HE LOVES US!

BUCK UP, MIKE, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, I FEEL LIKE HAVING A GOOD CRY MYSELF - BUT THAT WOULD NOT HELP ROVER - I SAY WILL IT, MIKE?



WILL WHAT? N-NOTHIN' WILL HELP ROVER NOW!

I KNOW SOMETHING THAT WILL AND THAT IS TO START LOCKING FOR HIM RIGHT NOW IF WE HAVE TO COMB THE WHOLE WORLD FOR HIM! NOW STOP SNIVELING.



WE'LL START WITH THE NEAREST PLACES. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOCAL BOAT. LET'S SEE NOW, WE'RE HALF WAY BETWEEN HAITI AND THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA -- WHICH? -- I WISH I KNEW -- LET'S LEAVE IT TO THE WIND! ALL RIGHT JAMAICA IT IS!



JIGGER

by BIFF

ARE YOU GONNA SPEND TH' WHOLE DAY LAYIN' AROUND LIKE THAT, MOOCH?

SURE, WHY NOT?

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

IT'S A FINE DAY FOR A ROMP IN THE COUNTRY HOW ABOUT IT?

ZZZZ!

MOOCH!

HUH? WUZZAT?

I SAID LET'S GO OUT TO TH' COUNTRY!

WHAT'S IN TH' COUNTRY? NOTHIN' BUT BIRDS AN' TREES AN' FLOWERS AN' STUFF!

IT'LL BE GOOD FOR YA! YOU CN LAY IN TH' SUN---

LOOK! WHAT DO YA THINK I'M DOIN' NOW?

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT OUT IN TH' COUNTRY!

I LEARN SOMETHIN' EVERY DAY--- I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WUZ ONLY ONE SUN---ZZZ

ALL RIGHT--- I'LL GO ALONE!



FZZZZ



WELL, I GUESS I'M GONNA HAVE ALL THOSE GOOD EATS FOR MYSELF !!



?



HEY! WAIT FOR ME WILL YA, JIG ?

CHANGED YOUR MIND, EH ?



YEH... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT A DAY IN TH' COUNTRY DOIN' ME GOOD.

SURE!



BY TH' WAY, JIGGER, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT FOOD IN TH' COUNTRY ?

OH, THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF THINGS TO EAT IN TH' COUNTRY.



THERE'S PLENTY TO EAT IN THE CITY, TOO---BUT WE DON'T GET IT.

LISTEN, IN TH' COUNTRY IT JUS' LAYS AROUND ON THE GROUND.



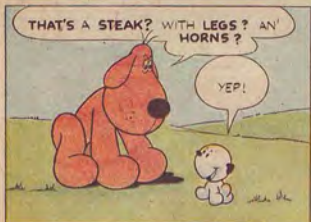
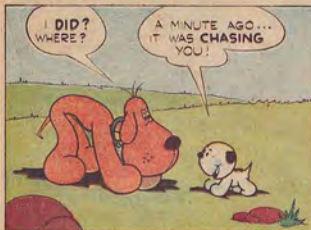
WHAT? PEOPLE THROW IT OUT ?

NAW--- BOY, ARE YOU IGNORANT!









Albert and POGO

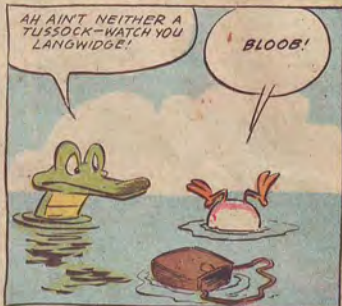
by WALT KELLY



FUM TUSOCK TO
HILLOCK THROUGH
DE SWAMP-THROUGH
DE FLAME-NUFFIN'
STOP DISH APPOINTED
MESSENGER FUM
HIS ROUNDS.



DE UNITY STATES
MAILS GITS DERE DE
FUSTEST WIF DE-
OOP-AH IS COTCH!



AH AINT NEITHER A
TUSOCK-WATCH YOU
LANGWIDGE!

BLOOB!



YOU IS INNERFERIN' WIF
DE FEDERAL GUMMINT!
IS YO' A REV'NOO
MAN?



NOPE-AH IS DE
POSTAL MAN, WIF
LETTUHS AN' GREETIN'S
AN' ALL KINES OF
COMMUNICATIONS.



HOT DOGIES!
MEBBE YO' IS
GOT A LETTUH
FO' ME?
WHO GONE
WRITE
AT YO'?

OH, AH KNOWS COUPLE FOLKS
WHUT KIN WRITE GOOD



BUT DOES YO'
KNOW ANYBUDDY
KIN READ?

HE SHO' NUFF DOES
KNOW SOMEBUDDY—
NAMELY PUSSON NAME
OF ME— POGO DE
NATURAL BORN
POSSUM



AW RIGHT, MISTUH SILVER
SERVICE EMPLOYEE,
CHONK OUT A LETTUH
FO' US AN' LET'S US
READ HER
UP



POOF!

DON'T THINK AH D'INT
HAVE NO MAILS FO'
YO' FOLKS NOWAYS—
BUT, LEMME SEE...



DISH YERE DOAN SEEM
TO HAVE ANY WRITIN'
ON HER



FUNNY LOOKIN'
LETTUH
ANYHOO

AH ISN'T A
MAIL, AH IS
A PLAIN
CATFISH!



NO STAMPS! GIT
BACK DERE! YO'
CAIN'T CHEAP
DE GUMMINT!

FAUGH!

DAT ALL DE
MAIL US GITS?



MAYBE DISH YERE
BEAT UP OL' FRAZZLE
IS FO' YO' ALL



WHY, SHD' NUFF DISH
YERE IS FO' US FOLKS-
IT SAY, "TO DE
SWAMPLAN' CRITTURS"



IT FUM MAN GO BY
NAME WALLET KELLY...
SOUN' LIKE A RICH
BOY-HE OFFERIN'
ADVISE FREE-DASH
WHUT FOLKS GIVES
AWAY EASY-
ADVISE



WHO DISH YERE POCKETBOOK
KELLY THINK HE IS? AH'LL
WHOP DAT BOY DOWN
TO PAN SIZE!



HE SEN' US
HIS PITCHER-
HMMM

AH GOOD AT READIN'
PITCHERS-FOOY!



MA SAKES! HE
SORT OF SIMPLE
SEEMIN'

HE FUNNY-LOOKIN'-
NO TWO WAYS 'BOUT
DAT BUT LISSEN
AT HE LETTUH'

GUESS WHO BACK
YERE



UM-IS IT GEORGE
WASHIN'TON?

DE MAN ADVISE
US TO ACK MO'
REE-FINED SO
FOLKS WOULD
WRITE LETTUHS
AT US

NOPE.
BILLY BONES? DAN
NOONAN? EAST
RIVER PETE?



HEY SAY
LOTS OF
FOLKS JES' ACHIN' TO
WRITE LETTUHS PROBABLE
BUT DEY GOT DE, IDEE
US CRAZY IN DE HAID

YOU COULDN'T GUESS' IT'S
ME, DE DUCK!



MAN ALIVE, SO
IT IS! HOW
YOU KNOW DAT?

HOW YOU SPECK
FOLKS TO PAY'
US ANY MIND
LESSEN US IS
MO' DIGNIFRIED?

SHE'S A EASY ONE!
YO' KNOWS HER-
TRY IT ON
ME NOW.

OH BOY! AH BETS
AH KNOWS
DE TRICK!

HEY!

WHO IS IT?

NOPE

YASSUH-YO'
HEARN ME-
NOPE!

ALBERT.

NOPE!

NOPE?

UNHAND ME! YO'
IS TOO ALBERT!
DE RIGHT ANSWER
WAS ALBERT.

YO' TOLE ME DE
ANSWER WAS
DE DUCK!

WE TRIES IT AGIN-
DISH TIME GIT IT
RIGHT-WHO
IS IT?

ALBERT?

AH KNOWS!
IT'S ALBERT!

YO' ISN'T ALBERT-AH
MEANS AH IS DE DUCK-
WHUT YO' WEARIN'
FO' BRAINS, BOY?

WHY, YO'
GUMMINT MAN,
AH'LL WHOP
YO' ONE!

**HESH UP
EYVABODY!
AH GOTTA
WRITE A
LETTUH TO
DE MAN!**

YOU INNERRUPPS A GOOD
ARGYMENT-WHO DISH
TRASH WALLET KELLY?

FAUGH!

GOTTA
SPLAIN US
FOLKS ISN'T
ALL DE
WITLESS
TYPE

MOST DE CRITTURS IN DISH
VERE SWAMP GOT A BATCH
OF BISCUIT BATTER BRAINS,
BUT NOT OL' POGO-OOP!

WHO DAT BLUNKIN'
INTO DE LEAF AH
WRITIN' ON?

WHO, YOU THINK?
AH A CHINEE-MAN.

IS YO' A SHO'NUFF
CHINA BOY?

STRAIGHT FUM
DE OTHER SIDE
OF DE WORLD.

LESSEE YO'
PING TAIL.

AH WINGLIN' MA
PING TAIL - US
WEARS 'EM LOW
DISH SEASON -
IT ALL DE RAGE.

YO' LOOKS MORTAL
LIKE A OL' GROUN'
SQUIRREL.

DE ACID TEST IS
LET'S HEAR YO'
SPEAK SOME
CHINA.

S'CUSE ME,
MA EASTERN
COUSIN, BUT AH
GOT A LETTUH
TO WRITE.

WHUT KIND OF
CHINA YOU WANTS?
MANDARIN, CASTILIAN
OR WEDGEWOOD?

SHANGHAI-HONK KONG-
CANTON AND ORANGE
PEKOE! HOW'S DAT?

WHY, YO' IS A
NATURAL-BORN
CHICKEN CHOW DOG!

BEAT IT, MISTUH
WEEVIL, AH IS WRITIN'
TO A CHARACTER
NAME OF POCKETBOOK.

DOES YO' KNOW ANY
ORIENTAL TRICKS, CHINA
BOY?

EVAH HEAR
OF DE WISE
MONKEYS?

DE WISE MONKEY
PUT HANDS OVER
EARS, MOUTH AND
EYES... HE SAY,
"HEAR NO EVIL,
SPEAK NO EVIL,
SEE NO EVIL!"



AH HOLDS YO'
HAT WHILST
YO' DOES IT.

HEAR
NO
EVIL!



HEAK MO
MEEBIL!



SEE NO
EVIL!



NOW WHUT?

NOW OPEN YO' EYES-
OL' CHINA BOY
DONE RUN OFF
WIF YO' HAT.

SOME
TRICK!



COME
BACK!

SEE IF AH DO HER RIGHT-
SEE NO WEEVIL,
SPEAK NO WEEVIL...



PHMMPH!

DISH ONE WEEVIL YO'
KIN HEAR GOOD-
PHOOEY
ON DE
ORIENTAL
TRICK!

LOOK LIKE AH
NEVAR GIT DE
LETTUH SENT
NOW. DE POSTAL
MAN RUN OFF..



SO AH'LL JEST HOOT HER OUT:
ANYBODY WANTS TO SEND
US SOME LETTUHS, US'LL
SPELL 'EM OUT... WE JES'
RARRIN' TO HEAR F'UM ALL
OUR FRIENDS-CHILDREN
AND GROWN-UPS!



CHUCK- WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

by GAYLORD DU BOIS

Drawings by M. GOLLUB

CHARLEY, HOW LONG WILL IT BE UNTIL WE GET TO THE NEXT ROUND-UP CAMP?

ANOTHER HOUR, PAT—OR MEBBE TWO. YOU CAN'T MAKE SPEED OVER THIS RIMROCK WITH A CHUCK WAGON... WHY, YOU HUNGRY?



I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT THOSE LINES RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS, CHARLEY— BUT I WON'T, IF YOU'LL TELL US A STORY.

THREATENIN' ME, HUH? OKAY, PETE!



HERE'S SOME FRESH COOKIES I SAVED FOR SELF-DEFENSE—IN CASE YOU KIDS GOT TOO CARNIVOROUS! AND WHILE YOU'RE EATIN' 'EM, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT—



—BROWNIE, THE BEAR CUB, WHO NEVER COULD GET ENOUGH SWEET THINGS TO EAT—



AND HANK BIGELOW, THE TRAPPER, WHO NEVER HAD HIS RIFLE HANDY WHEN HE NEEDED IT MOST.



HANK WAS SO MAD AT BROWNIE ROBBING HIS BEE TREE AND GETTING AWAY WITH A BELLFUL OF HONEY THAT HE JUST ABOUT THREW A FIT.



"THAT WAS JUST HIS ORNERY MEANNESS, BECAUSE HE GOT ENOUGH HONEY FROM THAT OL' TREE TO LAST HIM ALL WINTER."

"HANK STRAINED THE HONEY THROUGH A FLOUR SACK INTO AN OLD MOLASSES CAN."



"THEN HE LEFT HIS CABIN FOR A TWO-DAY TRIP AROUND HIS TRAP LINE."

"THE NEXT DAY BROWNIE CAME SNOOPING AROUND AND FOUND HANK'S DOOR PARTLY OPEN. SOME OTHER ANIMAL HAD GOT IN."



"MUSTEL, THE WOLVERINE, WAS GOBBLING UP HANK'S GROCERIES."

NOW, ANYBODY BUT A BUMBLING BEAR CUB WOULD HAVE HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO MESS AROUND WITH A WOLVERINE.



THAT GLUTTON WAS THIRTY POUNDS OF SIMON-PURE WICKEDNESS. IN TWO SHAKES HE'D HAVE RIPPED BROWNIE TO PIECES...



BUT JUST THEN SOMETHING, LIKE A STEAM ENGINE IN FUR BUSTED INTO THE CABIN. IT WAS BROWNIE'S MOTHER, BRUINA.



ONE SWIPE OF HER BIG PAW SENT MUSTEL, THE WOLVERINE SAILING THROUGH THE DOOR.



...AND HE HAD THE GOOD JUDGMENT TO KEEP GOING! TOUGH AND STRONG AS HE WAS, BRUINA WOULD HAVE TAKEN HIM APART IN A JIFFY.



FINDING HER CUB ALL RIGHT, THE OLD SHE-BEAR GOT INTERESTED IN HANK'S FIVE GALLON HONEY CAN.



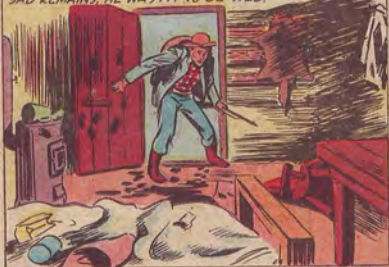
BRUINA HAD A SWEET TOOTH, HERSELF...
WHATEVER HONEY BROWNIE COULDN'T
GET OUTSIDE OF WENT DOWN HIS
MOTHER'S LONG, RED LANE.



AFTER IT WAS ALL GONE THEY WENT OUT,
LEAVING STICKY FOOTPRINTS EVERYWHERE.



WHEN HANK BIGELOW GOT HOME AND SAW THE
SAD REMAINS, HE WAS FIT TO BE TIED.



HE BLAMED THE WHOLE BUSI-
NESS ON THE BEARS, AND
SWORE HE'D NAIL THEIR HIDES
TO HIS CABIN WALL.



THAT DAY HE SET A DOZEN
SNARES, HEAVY ENOUGH TO
CHOKE A BEAR TO DEATH.



AND IN THE MORNING HE STARTED FOR THE
SETTLEMENT TO BUY SOME MORE GRUB. THIS
TIME HE'D TAKEN CARE TO BAR THE DOOR.



"OF COURSE BROWNIE HAD TO FIND ONE OF HANK'S SNARES BEFORE ANYONE ELSE.



"HE GOT HIS HEAD THROUGH THE WIRE LOOP, AND THE LOOP PARTLY SHUT OFF BROWNIE'S BREATH... HE WAS KINDA SURPRISED, BUT NOT SCARED, ESPECIALLY



"INSTEAD OF FIGHTING IT LIKE AN OLD BEAR WOULD, AND CHOKING HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE JUST CHEWED AT THE WIRE UNTIL IT BROKE.



"ABOUT THAT TIME HE HEARD A GRUNTING AND A THRASHING IN THE BUSHES DOWN THE HILL



"IT WAS HIS MOTHER, BRUINA, CHOKING HERSELF IN ANOTHER SNARE THAT GOT TIGHTER WITH EVERY TUG



"BUT BROWNIE HAD LEARNED HOW TO PLAY THAT GAME. HIS SHARP TEETH CUT THROUGH THE WIRE AS NEAT AS PLIERS COULD

FROM THEN ON IT WAS WAR BETWEEN
BRUINA AND HANK BIGELOW—SHE
FOUND AND WRECKED ALL HIS
MURDEROUS SNARES.



EXCEPT ONE THAT A CHOKING LYNX HAD
CARRIED UP A TREE—ONLY TO HANG
HIMSELF.



SHE FILLED HANK'S SPRING PLUMB FULL
OF DIRT



AND SMASHED HIS DIPPER
FLAT AS A PANCAKE



BUT SHE CUFFED BROWNIE
AWAY FROM THE CABIN BEING
AFRAID OF TRAPS



A WEEK LATER, WHEN HANK CAME BACK
FROM THE SETTLEMENT, HAULING HIS
SUPPLIES ON A HAND SLEDGE...

...HE GOT A CREEPY FEELING
THAT SOMETHING OR SOME-
BODY WAS AFTER HIM.



LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS BACK
HE FOUND THE TRACKS OF A BIG
BEAR, OVERLAPPING HIS OWN.



"HE LEFT HIS SLEDGE
AND SNEAKED BACK
ON HIS OWN TRAIL,
READY TO SHOOT



THE NEXT MINUTE HIS
MOTHER FOUND HIM,
AND SENT HIM
SCOOTING UP THE
NEAREST TREE



"WHILE HANK WAS FIGGERIN' OUT WHAT TO
DO, BROWNIE FOUND THE SLEDGE LOAD
OF GRUB. IT SMELLED MIGHTY GOOD



"THE BEAR TRACKS AROUND HIS SLEDGE MADE
HANK PRETTY JUMPY WHEN HE CAME BACK—
SO JUMPY THAT HIS GUN WENT OFF—
UNINTENTIONAL-LIKE

THAT SHOT, RIGHT UNDER THE TREE, SCARED BROWNIE SO THAT HE LET GO ALL HOLDS AND DROPPED—PLUMB ONTO HANK'S HEAD.



HANK LOOKED AT HIS RIFLE—TEN FEET AWAY—AND SAW BRUINA'S RED LITTLE EYES LOOKING AT HIM, FROM NOT MUCH FARTHER. HE TOOK A LONG BREATH...

...AND LIT OUT FOR THE CABIN, LEAVIN' HIS RIFLE, GRUB AND ALL TO THE TWO BEARS.



WHOA! HERE WE ARE, YOUNG 'UNS, AHEAD OF EVERYBODY.

WHAT, ALREADY?

YUP! THIS IS WHERE WE CAMP... YOU KIDS GET WATER AND BUILD ME A FIRE, WHILE I UNHITCH THE HORSES AND FIX THE BEANS.



DO YOU SUPPOSE BEARS EVER COME TO THIS PLACE TO DRINK, PETE?

WE-ELL—AFTER SUPPER LET'S ASK CHUCK—WAGON CHARLEY, MAYBE HE'LL TELL US ANOTHER STORY, TOO, PAT.



An elephant never forgets

by
Don Lang



Old Roger? He was what they call a bad elephant. I mean really bad, not just mischievous and full of fun as any elephant might be, but downright bad. That was his reputation and he did everything he could to live up to it.

Roger belonged to one of the old-time circuses, and the owners of the circus seemed to delight in his badness. He was advertised everywhere as the world's largest and meanest elephant. And every time he went off on a rampage or did some damage, it was all played up in flashy billboard signs bragging about what an old rogue he was and how dangerous, just so that more people would come to the circus to see him. He was a great attraction, a real headliner for that circus.

But they had a time with Roger: those circus people. There were only two men in the business who could handle him. One of them was his keeper, an old English clown. While the other one, the only other man who could handle him without trouble, was a man by the name of Tex Bell.

Now Tex was in charge of the canvas part of the circus, the tents. He didn't have a thing to do with the menagerie, but he and Roger just happened to get acquainted accidentally and they took a shine to each other. No matter how busy Tex was, whenever he passed Roger, staked there on the picket line with the rest of the herd, he'd always find time to stop a minute or two, to pet him and talk to him, give him a lump of sugar or some peanuts or something. And that old rascal appreciated it.

Those two men, they were old Roger's only friends. He had no use in this world for anybody else, not a soul. Why, he'd attack a person quick as a wink, if they hadn't kept him chained and shackled. Now, there must have been a reason (of course there's no way to be certain), but it seems likely that from the very first, ever since he was captured, people must have bullied Roger, and instead of being

patient and kind to him, they probably clouted him every time they had a chance. So what could be expected? He just naturally hated the sight of people, all except those two men, his regular keeper and Tex Bell.

Then one day Tex left and went to work for another circus. That was a blow to Roger. He missed Tex, missed him plenty. He missed those lumps of sugar, those little acts of kindness and understanding. As the days went by, he grieved and grieved for Tex and things got steadily worse and worse. He got more unruly, more vicious and dangerous, till finally he was so dangerous that the circus was afraid to keep him any longer.

And so he was sold, sold to another circus, the very same circus where Tex Bell was working. They wanted a famous elephant for their own advertising purposes, so they bought Roger. They decided to take a chance on him. Of course, Tex didn't know a thing about it, not a thing. He had no idea that Roger had been bought by his show. On his new job, he never had a chance to go through the menagerie or come in contact with the elephant herd. So, naturally, he never saw Roger.

But when Roger was transferred to the new show, it was the last straw. This change meant separation from his one remaining friend, the old English clown. And worse than that even, he didn't like his new keeper. He didn't like him a bit.

In the first place, he didn't trust the man. But he tried to behave himself because there was always a club or an elephant hook threatening him the minute he looked cross-eyed at anything. So he just made it his business to put up with his keeper and get along with him the best he could. He knew, regardless of everything, that he had to perform. He had to go through with his stunts no matter how he felt.

However, every once in a while, something would happen. Something would make him especially mad, and then he couldn't control himself. He would rampage around perfectly furious. And in return he'd be more abused than ever. And so it went on like that, day after day, year in and year out. That was Roger's life. And more and more he hated the very sight of a human being.

Then one night, it was in 1898, the circus was in winter quarters at Argentine, Kansas. It was the middle of the night, and everything around the lot was dead quiet. Just then, Roger's keeper came rushing into the elephant quarters with some of his friends, shouting and singing.

Down the picket line came the keeper. Stopping in front of an elephant, he'd slap it across the trunk, shout and swear at it a second, then pass on to the next one. Chains began to rattle and clang, big clumsy feet padded the ground as the awakened elephants swayed and tossed from side to side in fear and trembling.

Soon, the keeper came to Roger. Roger eyed him, his great trunk swinging carelessly from right to left. The man bullied and shouted at Roger, then bragged and boasted to his friends about what a bad elephant Roger was and how he was the only person who could handle him, how he could make Roger do anything he wanted him to do.

So just to prove it, just to be showing off, he shouted a command to Roger, a command to do a stunt that Roger did in the ring as part of his performance. Roger never moved, just kept his trunk switching from side to side. He'd done that stunt in the afternoon during his training hour and he wasn't going to do it again at two o'clock in the morning, not for anybody like that. He never moved. He never budged. He just stood there staring.

That keeper was furious when Roger didn't pay any attention to his command. He, the big boss, the great elephant trainer! And his friends stood there jeering at him. He was wild! But instead of reaching for an elephant hook, the hook that Roger was used to, he ran his hand in his pocket, fished out his pen knife, opened it, and jabbed it to the hilt in Roger's trunk.

Roger screamed with pain. Never before had he felt anything like it. Every ounce of hate in his huge body rose up as he reached out, wrapped his trunk around the keeper, lifted him high in the air and shook him.

Then, with a furious bellow, he tossed the lifeless body to one side, gave a terrific lunge, jerked and strained. Every chain snapped and he was free!

Again and again that terrible trumpet sounded, as he started off on a wild rampage. Pandemonium broke loose. Every elephant understood and recognized that fearful challenge of the killer.

Down past the long line of cringing squealing, frightened elephants Roger lumbered, straight on up to the massive stockade fence built to hold back a whole herd of elephants. It rose directly in his path and threatened to stop him, as it was supposed to do. But he stopped only an instant, just long enough to place his head against it, and then down it crashed. And on he plunged.

A siren shrieked through the crisp night air its warning call to every man to be up and armed, for tragedy was at hand. A dangerous elephant was on the loose. Men came from every direction, excited and yelling.

The hate in Roger's heart burned to an insane rage as that shouting mob gave chase, shooting and firing. Every man was his enemy now. Everyone was bent on destroying him. But on he went, down to the Santa Fe Railroad yards. Then down the track he went, as fast as he could, still screaming his anger and defiance. As bullet after bullet buried itself in his huge body, the pain of that knife wound



grew keener and the hate in his heart more and more. And on each side of him as he traveled down that track, appeared great freight cars. Harmless they might be, yet each and every one of them was something to be destroyed. And, as more of those bullets thudded and plowed into his body, more and more of those box cars toppled over on their sides and crashed to splinters, victims of his furious onslaught.

Suddenly there came to him a different sound. His ears caught it distinctly. It was the sound of a horse's hoofs beating a steady tattoo on the wooden railroad ties. Louder and louder that sound came. It was catching up to him. Mysteriously, the shooting and the noise of the mob had faded out. But the new enemy, the danger of those hoof beats, threatened him. They kept coming nearer, gaining on him.

Realizing he couldn't get away, he stopped short, right there in the middle of the track. He wheeled around to face this new enemy and destroy it as he'd destroyed that man, that fence, and those freight cars. With a frightful bellow of rage, he challenged his oncoming foe.

Roger waited, his uplifted trunk ready to strike. Every muscle taut, he waited for the attack. It came! First a shadow, then the out-

line of a horse and rider dashing up to him. The horse wheeled to a stop, the rider slid to the ground and started toward him fearlessly. That trunk slashed wickedly down. Down! But something stopped it half way in mid-air, stopped it short. It was a gentle coaxing voice, pleading with him.

"Come on, Roger! What's the trouble, ol' boy? Aw, come on!"

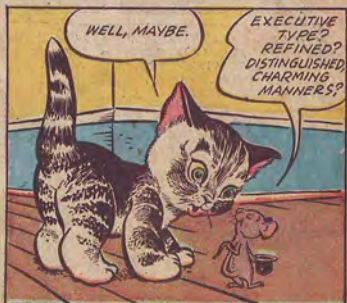
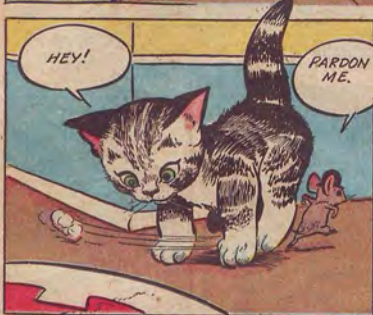
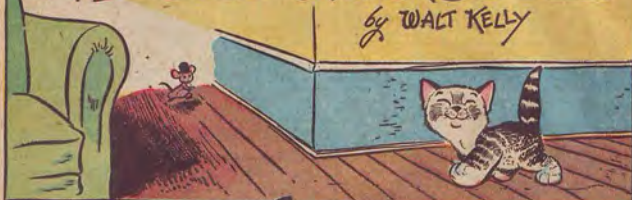
Instantly Roger recognized that kind, sympathetic command. He hadn't heard it for years, but he recognized it. It was the voice of a friend, the man he loved. His trunk dropped limp, then reached out to fondle his old pal, Tex Bell. Tex put his arm around that trunk which could slash so wickedly and for a long time they remained there, the man and the elephant, renewing a great friendship, while the old elephant tried to tell a story that only his friend could understand. It was a story of mobs, bullets, clubs and hooks. He had conquered them all one by one, only in turn to be conquered himself by a few soft words and a memory of love and kindness.

The next morning, very early, a tired old man could be seen slowly trudging down the railroad track. On one side of him a riderless horse with reins flung loosely over his head. On the other side, his great ears flapping backward and forward, his long powerful trunk switching lazily from right to left, was a thoroughly docile and contented elephant. It was Roger, old Roger, going back to the circus, to live the remaining years of his life and become famous once more, famous as a good elephant.



NIBBLE and NUBBLE

by WALT KELLY



I'M JUST A BRAND-NEW CAT NAMED NUBBLE AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN.

THOSE WORDS MEAN ME! NIBBLE, A GENTLEMAN OF DISTINCTION.



ARE YOU A CAT, TOO?

HUH?!



A CAT? -HAW! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT, MY GOOD FELLOW-HAW! A CAT INDEED!

MY BOY, I'M A MOUSE! ONE NIBBLE, BY NAME.

A MOUSE?! MOTHER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MICE-WHAT WAS IT?



SOMETHING COMPLIMENTARY, NO DOUBT! WHEN LITTLE CATS ARE GOOD, THEY GROW UP TO BE MICE... HERE, GIVE ME A BOOST.

NEVER WAS ABLE TO GET UP HERE BEFORE.

STICK AROUND, MY BOY... UH-DO YOU LIKE JAM OR DRIED BEANS?



I LIKE MILK, NIBBLE.

MILK? ZOUNDS!
YOU'RE A MERE
INFANT!

A CAT
CHILD.

NOW LET'S
SEE...

OUCH!
KINK!

HEY!

WANT
SOMETHING?

OH, NO, THANKS,
JUST LOOKING
AROUND.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH LIVING IN
A DRAFTY CAGE—DO I HAVE
TO HAVE MICE TOO?

WHAT'S IN
THE FEED BOX,
PROFESSOR?

SUNFLOWER
SEEDS!

PHOO! HOW
CAN YOU
EAT SUCH
GRUB?

I DON'T!

I EAT MICE!



MICE?!



THAT FOR YOUR VILE HABIT, SIR!



LET ME AT HIM! I'LL MURDER THE BUM!



OH ME, IT'S HURRY, HURRY, HURRY ALL DAY LONG!

HEADS UP, NUB! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PARROTS?



NEVER HEARD OF 'EM... ARE THEY GOOD— WITH MILK?



WELL, MAYBE— SORT OF TOUGH THOUGH... BUT LOOK OUT— HEADS UP!



ASSASSIN!



YOU MUST
BE THE
PARROT!

AND YOU'RE A CAT!! WHY
AREN'T YOU BUSY EATING
THAT MOUSE?

TUT, TUT!
WATCH YOUR
LANGUAGE IN
FRONT OF THE
CHILDREN.

I DON'T WANT TO
START ANYTHING,
BUT SOME CATS
EAT BIRDS!



WHAT A WAY TO RUN A HOUSE—
MICE ALL OVER THE PLACE—
CATS LAZY AS PIGS!

WE'VE HEARD
ENOUGH—WE'LL
BE GOING, HUBBY,
MY BOY.

WHAT'S ALL
THE RUCKUS?



HIDE IN THE CLOSET, HUB—
LOOK WHO'S COMING!

THE BOSS!

SO HELP ME, THESE TWO
CHARACTERS... BLA-BLA—

FUSS FEATHERS
IS BENDING
HIS EAR WITH
A LOAD OF
ALIBIS.



OH, KEEP QUIET, YOU OLD WINDBAO...
YOU SPILLED THAT MILK,
SO DON'T TRY TO
BLAME SOMEONE
ELSE.



IMAGINE THAT
PARROT TRYING TO
ACCUSE A MOUSE
OF MAKING THAT
MESS.



OH, HELLO THERE, KITTY!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A
PESKY MOUSE AROUND,
HAVE YOU?



CAN'T AFFORD MICE, YOU KNOW—
WHO'S THAT BEHIND YOU?



MEOW!



NEVER SAW SUCH A SMALL
CAT—ESPECIALLY IN
A DERBY.



HE THOUGHT
YOU WERE
A CAT.



AH YES, SOME
PEOPLE EVEN MISTAKE
ME FOR A FAMOUS
CINEMA PERSONALITY.



WELL, I'D BETTER GET
BACK TO THE BASKET.



MY REGARDS TO
THE MATE, OLD
CHAP... HOPE TO
BE SEEING HER
SOON—BEFORE
SHE SEES ME,
OF COURSE—
TOODLE-OO!



UNCLE WIGGILY

SILAS SCARECROW'S MY FULL NAME—'SI' FOR SHORT. AND I'D GIVE JUST ANYTHING FOR A LITTLE VACATION.

HI, THERE, UNCLE WIGGILY! WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?

DEAR ME SUZ! WHO'S THAT SPEAKING TO ME?



YES— I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE EVER SINCE THIS CORN WAS PLANTED, SCARING THE CROWS AWAY FROM IT— AND YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW STIFF I'M GETTING.

IF YOU COULD TAKE MY PLACE FOR JUST AN HOUR, IT WOULD GIVE ME A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.

YOU POOR OLD CHAP! I'D BE GLAD TO DO IT— BUT WHAT IF THE FARMER SAW ME?



THAT'S EASILY TAKEN CARE OF— WE'LL CHANGE CLOTHES.

TOODLE-OO, OLD DEAR! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

ENJOY YOURSELF, SILAS— AND PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO COME BACK.



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT OLD SCARECROW WE COULD EAT CORN ALL DAY LONG.

SAY! TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM.

HE'S SHRUNK! HIS CLOTHES DON'T FIT ANY MORE!



AND TO THINK WE WERE SCARED OF HIM ALL THIS TIME—HAW, HAW!

HEH, HEH! WHAT'RE THOSE THINGS HANGING DOWN UNDER HIS HAT?



OWWW! QUIT THAT!

HAW, HAW, HAW, HAW!



HA, HA, HA! SOME SCARECROW!

CAW, CAW! PECK HIS OTHER EAR!



HMMMM!



I'LL STOP THAT FOOLISHNESS, YUP!



WHAM-OH!

AWRRK!



NOW WHAT? I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM.



WHY HE'S JUST AN OLD RABBIT—IN MY SCARECROW'S COAT AND TROUSERS! HOW IN THE WORLD—?





WELL, WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER, I HAVE A MUCH BETTER USE FOR HIM THAN SCARING CROWS! HO, HO, HO!



I'LL FEED YOU CARROTS TILL YOU'RE FAT, OLD LONGEARS...

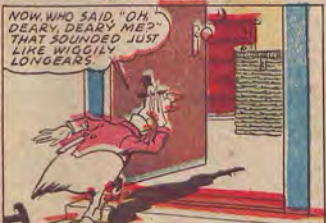


...AND THEN I'LL HAVE A FINE RABBIT POT-PIE! HO, HO, HO!

DEAR ME, SUZ DUD!



A POT-PIE! TO THINK THAT I'D EVER COME TO THAT—OH, DEARY, DEARY ME!



NOW, WHO SAID, "OH, DEARY, DEARY ME?" THAT SOUNDED JUST LIKE WIGGILY LONGEARS.



GRANDFATHER GOOSEY GANDER! HOW DID YOU EVER COME HERE?



WIGGILY! IT IS YOU! AND I'M HERE BECAUSE THE FARMER CAUGHT ME AND TIED ME UP BY THE LEG UNTIL I SHOULD BE FAT ENOUGH TO ROAST.

LET ME OUT, QUICK—BEFORE HE COMES BACK!



BLESS ME—I'D NEVER RECOGNIZE YOU IN THOSE CLOTHES, WIGGILY!

NEITHER WOULD I, GOOSY GANDER.

OH, OH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

KRRUNCH, KRUNCH, KRUNCH—
—HOLD STILL, GOOSEY GANDER.



THERE, WE'RE BOTH FREE!
IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE
STRONG TEETH.

ESPECIALLY
AS I HAVEN'T
ANY!



QUICK—AROUND THE
HOUSE, BEFORE HE LOOKS
OUR WAY!



MY CRUTCH! I COULDN'T
GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.

YOU'RE GETTING
ALONG—PUFF PUFF!
TOO FAST FOR
ME NOW.



NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR THE
WOODS—THAT WAS THE PLACE
SILAS SCARECROW WAS
GOING WITH MY CLOTHES!

REALLY! YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE
HE MEANT TO
KEEP THEM?



UNCLE
WIGGILY!
UNCLE
WI-I-IGILY!

NOW, WHO DO
YOU SUPPOSE
THAT IS?

IT MIGHT BE
A ROBBER FOX—
OR A SKILLERY
SCALLERY
ALLIGATOR.



SILAS SCARECROW! COME
OUT OF THOSE BUSHES AND
GIVE ME MY CLOTHES!

I CAN'T! YOU
COME HERE,
UNCLE WIGGILY,
ALONE.





I ALWAYS HAVE NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY PUT AN EXTRA BIG CHERRY PIE IN MY LUNCH, JUST IN CASE I MEET SOME FRIENDS.



WE'LL FIND SOME QUIET LITTLE ISLAND WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED, AND—



YIP-YIP-YIP!

YOWOOD!



DEAR ME—PIRATES! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

RAM THEM AND SINK THEM!



HEY! NO FAIR ATTACKING US!

YI!



LET ME HANDLE THESE BAD CHAPS, UNCLE WIGGILY.

WITH WHAT?



WITH MY STIFF STRAW HANDS- I'LL TICKLE THEM HALF TO DEATH

HEE, HEE, HEE-STOP! OH, HEE HEE, HA, HAH, HAH!

HA, HA, HA! OH, HO, HO! YEOW!



HA, HA, HA! HELP! HEE HEE, I GIVE UP- HA, HA, HA!



SPLENDID, SILAS SCARECROW! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH THOSE PIRATES A LESSON THEY WON'T FORGET.

OH, OH, OH! MY POOR SIDES!



NOW WE'LL FIND A STOPPING PLACE AND HAVE OUR PICNIC IN PEACE.



MORE CROWS! I'M AFRAID SOMEBODY IS IN TROUBLE.



NOW, SILAS, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD A SCARECROW YOU REALLY ARE.

ALL RIGHT- I'LL SHOW YOU.



AND, SAILING NEARER, THIS IS WHAT UNCLE WIGGILY SAW.

BOOM! BAM!
WHANG!
DANG! BOOM!

AWWWK!
CAW! CAW!
A RUN!



THERE! NOT A CROW IN
SIGHT! DO I KNOW MY
JOB—OR DON'T I?



A SCARECROW—A REAL
SCARECROW! WELCOME TO
MUSKRAT ISLAND!

HE SAVED OUR
GARDEN FROM
THE BAD CROWS!
YEA-A-AV!



HIS NAME IS SILAS—AND IF YOU ASK
HIM, I THINK HE MIGHT STAY THERE
ALWAYS.

STAY THERE ALWAYS—
OH, WONDERFUL!



SEE—HERE IS OUR GARDEN—AND
IF THE BAD CROWS HAD EATEN IT
UP WE WOULD ALL HAVE STARVED
TO DEATH!

MY, MY!
I'M GLAD
WE CAME!



HOW DO YOU THINK
I'LL FIT IN HERE,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

JUST PERFECTLY,
SILAS SCARECROW,
AND YOU'LL ALWAYS
BE APPRECIATED.

NEVER
FEAR!



ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T
STAY WITH US TO SUPPER,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

NO, THANK YOU,
MRS. MUSKRAT—
WE REALLY MUST
BE GOING NOW.



AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PLACE QUITE SO
PEACEFUL FOR A PICNIC AS A BOAT ON
THE RIVER.

ESPECIALLY WHEN
THERE'S A GOOD DEED LIKE
THAT BEHIND US, WIGGILY.
HA, HA, HA!



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OTTER

Different species of otters are to be found in both the new world and the old world. There are seven species and sub-species known north of the Rio Grande.

They inhabit areas near lakes and streams where they can hunt for fish, frogs and shellfish, usually traveling in pairs and sometimes in family parties of five or six. A favorite sport of the otters is to slide, and lucky persons have reported having watched these intelligent animals perform on a high ridge of snow or high river banks. They lie on their bellies with the forefeet bent backwards and start themselves off with a push of the back feet, swiftly gliding downwards—sometimes a distance of twenty yards. This sport will continue until exhaustion or hunger forces them to stop. The otter is a beautiful animal, noted for its luxurious shining fur. Its body is a streamlined dynamo of muscle and energy and it swims with amazing speed and skill.

The general intelligence of the otter is high and it can be trained to be a most desirable pet, answering to a whistle just like any well-trained dog and it will play like a puppy. Some tribes in India train them to catch fish.





Upside down, right side up,
Bottom's down, bottom's on top,
If we were possums, we would find
It natural and would not mind.